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tal line where you will, as many horizontal lines as you please can be assigned at finite distances below it and below one another. For any such section is at some distance above the apex, otherwise it is not a line. Let this distance be  $a$ . Then there have been similar sections at the distances  $\frac{1}{2}a$ ,  $\frac{1}{4}a$ ,  $\frac{1}{8}a$ , above the apex, and so on as far as you please. So that it is not true that there must be a first. Explicate the logical difficulties of this paradox (they are identical with those of the Achilles) in whatever way you may. I am content with the result, as long as your principles are fully applied to the particular case of cognitions determining one another. Deny

motion, if it seems proper to do so; only then deny the process of determination of one cognition by another. Say that instants and lines are fictions; only say, also, that states of cognition and judgments are fictions. The point here insisted on is not this or that logical solution of the difficulty, but merely that cognition arises by a *process* of beginning, as any other change comes to pass.

In a subsequent paper, I shall trace the consequences of these principles, in reference to the questions of reality, of individuality, and of the validity of the laws of logic.

## LETTERS ON FAUST.

[By H. C. BROCKMEYER.]

### VI.

DEAR H.—In following our theme through the sphere of manifestation, we arrived at the conclusion: "Although man cannot know truth—has no Reason—he does possess a stomach, a capacity for sensual enjoyment and an Understanding to minister to the same—to be its servant." With this conclusion, we have arrived at the world of Reality,—for we have attributed objective validity to the Understanding. It also determines our position in that world. The Understanding—Mephisto—is our guide and servant; the world of Reality a mere means for individual ends—for private gratification. Whatever higher pretensions this world might make, such pretensions are based upon the presupposition that man can know Truth, and are therefore without foundation. Hence, this world of Reality—the Family, Society, and the State—have no right and no authority as against the individual inclinations and desires of man. The latter are supreme and find their limitation not in Reason but in the power of the Understanding to supply them with means of gratification. It is true that these means are derived from without, and hence, that the individual under this view is limited and

determined from without, and that external determination is collision and conflict. Besides, whatever our conviction with reference to the world of Reality may be, that world, once for all, is extant with the bold claim of being on the one side the pledge and on the other the very embodiment of the rational existence of the race; and it wields moreover, in that existence, the power of the race. But this is *our* reflection, dear friend, which it may be well enough to keep in view, as a species of logical heat-lightning along the horizon, but which has no significance under the conclusion arrived at by Faust. Under it our individual desires and inclinations, however capricious, are the *end*, and whatever presents itself has value and validity in so far and only in so far as it is a means for this end.

These are the principles of the man before us, who,

"For idle dalliance too old,  
Too young to be without desire,"

is still professor in a German University. His life falls in the historic period when a knowledge of the natural sciences is not as yet diffused, and many of the results remain *arcana* for individual profit. Pos-

sessed of such, and whatever may enrich the Understanding of man—convinced, circumstanced, and occupied as he is—what should be his future career? Shall he spend the remainder of his life in the same fruitless endeavor as hitherto, even after he is convinced of its futility and thus deprived of the poor solace of hope? Or shall he not rather “learn some sense” and look around for enjoyment before it is entirely too late?

“Away with this striving after the impossible! What though your body is your own, is that which I enjoy less mine? If I can pay for six brave steeds, are they not mine with all their power? I run as if on four and twenty legs, and am held to be of some consequence! Away, therefore; leave off your cogitating—away into the world! I tell you, a man who speculates is like a brute led by evil *genii* in circles round and round upon a withered heath, while close at hand smile beauteous pastures green. Just look at this place! Call you this living—to plague yourself and the poor boys to death with *ennui*? Leave that to your good neighbor, the worthy Mr. Book-worm. Why should you worry yourself threshing such straw?”

This, dear friend, is “common sense,” and hence the speech of Mephisto upon the situation, literally translated by the poet no less than by ourselves from the poet. Its extraordinary good sense is so apparent that it cannot be without immediate effect, which we perceive in the scene where the different studies are reviewed by the aid of its radiance concentrated into,

“All theory, my friend, is gray,  
But green the golden tree of Life!”

as the focal point. With this final adieu to the past, we congratulate ourselves upon the “New career”!—

“What about the immediate start—conveyance, etc.?” Well, I suppose Faust is not the only one that has travelled on the quality of his cloth! “To fly through the air on Mephisto’s cloak” sounds very poetic, but to pass in society upon the strength of appearance is such an every-day occurrence, that it is quite prosaic.

## VII.

In our last, we saw our hero off, that is, we saw him enter upon a “New career,” apparently furnished with all the requisites for his journey. Not equipped like him, it will be necessary for you and me to cast about for some mode of progression, lest we be left behind. Let us, therefore, proceed in our own way to examine the *locale*, the world of Reality into which we saw him enter with our own eyes, in order that we may duly appreciate the situation, entertaining no doubt in the meantime but that we shall meet him again in the course of our ramblings.

Setting aside, therefore, the conviction of Faust, which may be regarded as his vehicle, we have before us the world of Reality, characterized in our analysis [see letters ii. & iii., p. 181, of vol. i., of this journal.—*Editor*.] as deriving the *end* but not the *means* of its existence from self-conscious intelligence, and, as comprehending the three institutions, the Family, Society, and the State. The disparity between the end and the means indicated in the characterization manifests itself in the family in the two factors or moments:

*First*, the natural moment: the affections of the parties;

*Second*, the rational moment: the social requirements upon which the family is to be founded.

The first is called *natural*, because it is unconscious, in the sense that it is not based upon any specific reasons, and hence, Cupid is represented as blind by the truthful ancients.

The second is called *rational*, because self-conscious intelligence assigns the reasons for or against the contemplated union.

The fact of this duality renders a collision between the two elements possible, and, in consequence of the peculiar conditions of modern society which favor such collisions, this content has occupied modern art to a greater extent than any other.

“Ah, me! for aught that ever I could read,  
Could ever hear by tale or history,  
The course of true love never did run smooth:  
But either it was different in blood,  
Or else misgraffed, in respect of years;

Or else it stood upon the choice of friends ;  
Or, if there were a sympathy of choice,  
War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it.”—

says Shakespeare, when he epitomizes the content of what is now called light literature.

This collision, however, is a proper subject for Art only when both elements have validity in the public consciousness. Hence, only in modern times, and then only in certain localities.\*

Again, it is a proper subject for Art only when both parties attach this validity to both elements. For if this is not the case, then the collision admits of no solution except an external one, i. e. through a *deus ex machina* as to the party denying this validity, and this is in violation of the great principle that Art is the Manifestation of self-conscious intelligence to man.†

Perhaps the extreme modification of this collision presents itself under the following form : Society promulgates its edict, based upon the necessity of its own existence, that man shall not be a father until he can protect, maintain and educate his offspring, i. e. guarantee to it a rational

\* I apprehend that a true American, born in the free West—free in the sense that every man is master over his physical necessities, and not their slave—finds Art of this kind a foreign affair. Not because he is illiterate—the usual solution assigned for his want of appreciation—but simply because the content is untrue to him. What is a social inequality to him that he should snivel with Arthur or Harry because they could not marry the girls they loved? He has no personal experience in common with Arthur or Harry. If his parents oppose his marriage because Sally is too poor, he takes her and sings:

“For Uncle Sam is rich enough to give us all a farm,”

and therewith ends the matter. Again, if he is poor and Sally is the daughter of a United States Senator, and her mother in consequence deady opposed to the match, he quietly works his way into the legislature of his State, defeats the old man for the Senate and asks the old lady how she would like to be his mother-in-law, now. For he is a free American citizen, containing, by virtue of his birth, all the social possibilities between the gallows and the presidential chair. Social requirements can have no validity in his presence, in the sense that he should regard them as insurmountable obstacles to the accomplishment of any rational purpose.

† This is the principle of free art as recognized in all of its significance by Shakespeare. It is based upon the final assumption of abso-

existence. But *Nature* declares that he shall be a father when he can propagate his species. Now, the period when the individual may comply with both of these behests does not coincide with the period when he can comply with either; for the command of Nature may be fulfilled on his part several years earlier than that of Society, and during all this time we have Nature urging and Society dissuading and prohibiting the individual from fulfilling the peculiar destiny of his individuality—its annihilation in the generic act. This eventuates in what might be called the “Negative Family”—a generic relation of the sexes utterly devoid of all positive or rational elements.

As a concomitant, and sharing with it a common origin, is that peculiar social phenomenon which we witness in “Auerbach’s cellar,” where it appears we have arrived in happy time—to find our hero joining in the chorus,

“We are as happy as cannibals,  
Nay, as five hundred hogs;”

or, if not our hero, Mephisto for him (for you will notice that Faust says only, “Good evening, gentlemen,” and “I should like to leave now,” during this whole scene), the very leader of the crowd in wit, song, and wine. Nay, as to the latter, he cannot refrain from giving them a little touch of his chemical science, which can dispense with the old grape-wine process, and still give perfect satisfaction to his customers—a fact of some importance, one would suppose, to the landlord. And thus it would

lute self-determination for the individual. Macbeth spurns and demands loyalty at the same time. What wonder, then, that it comes home on the sword of Mac luff?

Hamlet arms Doubt; and Accident, the proper person of Doubt, slays Polonius and thus arms Laertes against Hamlet, who returns Laertes his own by Accident.

Romeo loves, he knows not whom, and dies, he knows not why; while Juliet—

“Go ask his name :—if he be married,  
My grave is like to be my wedding bed.”

The Moor of Venice violates the generic conditions of race through physical courage: “She loved me for the dangers I had passed,” and moral cowardice destroys both him and Desdemona.

Compare with these the works of Calderon and the contrast will render apparent what logic has but indicated.

appear that our hero is not left to trust entirely to the quality of his cloth for the practical wherewithal. But the little "Feuer-luft," which one would at first have been inclined to interpret *Fame*, resolves itself into "fire-water," or rather the art to make this—to work the miracle of the Wedding-feast at Galilee on the principles of natural science.

VIII.

There is one thing, dear friend, in the character of Faust, to which I have not called your attention heretofore, and that is, the age of the man and the practical inconvenience he may experience therefrom in his new career.

"For idle dalliance too old,  
Too young to be without desire,"

he would find it, no doubt, convenient to decrease the one and increase the other. For in this new career, the strength and number of his desires are an essential element, especially when there is every prospect of ample means for their gratification. As regards external appearance, that can be readily managed by a judicious use of cosmetics, the tailor's art and kindred appliances. But the physical desires, the sexual passions, for example, require youth to yield full fruition. Proper culture, however, not to mention aphrodisiacs, will do much, even in this direction. The modes for this are two, but for practical purposes only one; and although not exactly to our taste at first, still, since there is no other alternative presented, we must to the "Witches' Kitchen," named the "Negative Family," if I remember correctly, in a former letter. The popular name for this is somewhat different, but since I have given the genesis of the thing in the letter referred to, I may be permitted to omit the more definite designation, for

"Who dares to modest ears announce  
What modest hearts will not renounce?"

If, however, you should find any difficulty in discovering what is meant by the Witches' Kitchen, and where to find it, all that is necessary is to disregard the name and pay attention to what transpires.

First, the servants, employed, as the poet

assures us, in stirring a very strange dish, Beggar's Broth—a kind of broth, perhaps, not so well calculated to feed as to make beggars. You will also perceive the strong propensity to gambling which possesses these creatures. Next, observe the ecstasy of Faust over the image of a woman which he sees in a mirror—with this strange peculiarity:

"Alas! if I do not remain upon this spot, if I dare to approach nearer, then I can only see her as in a mist!" No doubt this beauty will not bear close inspection! Still it is very beautiful! "Is it possible? Is woman so beautiful? Must I see in this moulded form the very comprehension of all that is in heaven? And such an object is found upon this earth?"

Of course it is, and quite attainable, too, says Mephisto. But above all, pay attention to the scene between Mephisto and the witch herself, not omitting the mode in which he identifies himself as belonging to the nobility. This latter is based upon a satirical saying quite current in Germany, but which will not bear translation.

By paying attention to these things, instead of to the name by which the poet calls the place, you will readily detect the original.

I cannot dismiss this scene without calling your attention to the manner in which a poet treats his theme. The scene just examined may, at first glance, appear to flow less freely or necessarily from the content, the idea of the work, even for those who can recognize the negativity of the conclusions of Faust, and trace that negativity through the various forms in which it presents itself in society. And yet, aside from this logical necessity, there is another, a physico-psychological necessity for this scene, contained in the theme, thus:

"So, then, I have studied Philosophy,  
Jurisprudence and Medicine,  
And, what is worse, Theology,  
Thoroughly, but, alas, in vain."

Who says this—a young man of twenty or twenty-five? If so, what significance can there be attached to his words? What could he be expected to know of such subjects at that age? But mark:

"And here I stand, with study hoar,  
A fool—and know what I knew before."

Ay, more—

"Am called Magister, nay, LL.D.,  
And for ten years am busily  
Engaged to lead through fen and close  
My trusting pupils by the nose."

You will see, my friend, what an essential element the age of Faust is, to give weight to his conclusions. Without this, the whole would sink into utter absurdity. But now comes the question: how is this LL.D., hoary with study, professor in the university for the last ten years, to enter into a conflict with the family, so necessarily contained in his conviction? The lessons taught and appliances furnished in the Witches' Kitchen are the poet's answer to this question. Of these, advantage has been taken, and such benefits reaped, that at the end of the scene we are assured, upon the very best authority, that he is now in a condition to "see a Helen in every woman." The means used, it is sufficient to know, were produced under the special directions of the devil, although the devil himself could not make them, and were therefore quite natural.

#### IX.

We are now prepared, my friend, to witness the results of the elements and powers so carefully elaborated by the poet. In order to do so, however, with satisfaction, it may be necessary to recall, in their simplest logical forms, the agents involved. On the one side, therefore, we have the family relation, with its natural and rational moments, and, on the other, the conviction that this relation has no validity as against the individual desires and conclusions of man. Imbued with and swayed by the latter, we have Faust, a man prepared "to see a Helen in every woman;" as the simple bearer of the former in its potential perfection, a young woman—"not so poor but that she enjoys the respect of her neighbors, nor yet so rich that she may defy their opinion." For under these social conditions, if anywhere, that which the Germans call "*Sitte*," and the ancients called "*Ethica*," and what we, with our usual obliquity of expression, call "public morals," must be sought. This young woman, clad in purity

and faith, is met at the temple of the living God—at once the primary source and the still existing refuge of the sacredness of the family-relation. The severely realistic character of Gretchen, therefore, is determined by the theme; and the scene where she relates her daily occupation of cooking, washing, sweeping, &c., besides the exquisite motive which the poet employs to transfigure its prosaic commonplace, ought not to be wanting. While this gives the potential, the real side of the family-relation must be presented. This is supplied by the family of which Gretchen is a member. If we desire to determine further the elements of the latter, it is necessary only to reflect upon the peculiar mediation involved in the relation.\* From

\* The individual is born. His existence depends upon the constant victory of *his* individuality over every *opposing* individuality, particularity, or process. To this he owes his existence, both prior and subsequent to his birth. And yet the existence of that individual is dependent in its origin upon the cancelling of individuality in the generic act. The affirmative solution of this contradiction rests with the Family.

Let us watch the process for a moment. Take a young man of twenty or twenty-five—one who pays his way, i. e. makes himself valid in the material, social, and political relations of life. He depends upon himself, has no wife or child, pays what he owes, and earns what he eats. His success depends upon "looking out for number one"—his own individuality is the beginning and the end of his exertion. But see, he has looked into that woman's eyes, and now, lo! with a peculiar gratification, he pays for her subsistence also! She was nothing to him—he owed her nothing—and yet the delight of his life seems to be to labor early and late to provide for her. Her garb is his delight, her food his enjoyment; for he is no longer a mere man, but a husband; no longer a mere individual, but a rational somewhat, whose individuality reaches beyond himself, and finds itself in another. Nor does it stop here; the two become three, five, ten. And this individuality, which was centered in and upon itself, had itself for its sole end and aim, has lost itself, and stands the husband of a wife and the father of a family. It enjoys itself no longer, save through this assemblage of individualities; it exists for them. Again, if we look upon this assemblage, we find a kindred process: the individuality of each member is modified by the relation which it sustains to all the rest. The brother is the lover of the sister, her champion and protector, if the father fail. This prepares them for the kindly glance of strangers, &c., and the process begins anew. Thus an affirmative solution is wrought out, or, what is the same thing, the contradiction has an affirmative result—the perpetuation of the Family and, through it, of the Race.

this it would appear that the essential elements of that mediation are presented in the mother, the son, and the daughter, uniting at once the highest possible degree of potentiality with the reality of fact. For the son is brother and father, the daughter is sister and mother, and the mother becomes grandmother.

From these elements, thus determined as to number, character, and social position, the scenes flow with logical necessity to the final solution—the destruction of the Family.

These evolutions are so simple, and their logical import is so generally understood, that it is not necessary to dwell upon them in detail. The only point which might, perhaps, require attention is the artistic side—the true nature of the collision presented and the mode of its solution. That the family relation is impossible under the conviction of Faust, or that an existing family should be destroyed (the mother poisoned, the child drowned, the brother slain and the sister stand before the judgment-seat of God as the self-acknowledged author, cause, or whatever name you may give to the connection which she had with these effects), by a man's giving practical effect to the convictions of Faust, is acknowledged and realized by the general consciousness of the age, as is abundantly proved by the effect which the part of the work under consideration has produced. But the nature of the collision presented, and the artistic character of the solution, have given rise to some doubt. It may, therefore, be well, at the conclusion of this letter, to recall to your mind some of the facts and principles formerly alluded to, which, in my opinion, are well calculated to remove whatever difficulty may have arisen on this point.

If my memory serves me, I called your attention, in a former letter, to the collisions inherent in the family relation and also to the conditions under which they might be used for artistic purposes, namely, that both parties should give full validity to both elements of the collision. Now, if from great familiarity with the themes derived from this source we regard the part of the work under consideration as presenting

one of these collisions, then we meet with difficulty as regards the solution or rather want of solution. For the destruction of the family and the preservation of the destroyer will hardly pass for a satisfactory solution either logical or artistic. To regard the poem, however, in this light, would be our own act and the consequent difficulty one of our own creation. For this would be an attempt to make rather than to read the poem. And whatever merit or demerit might attend the undertaking, it would hardly be fair to attribute either the one or the other to the author of Faust. For, in this poem we have for our theme “The self-conscious intelligence in conflict with itself—with its entire content.” Not the content with itself, but the self-conscious intelligence on the one side and its content on the other. Included within this content we have the institution of the family. Hence, the collision presented is one not inherent in this institution, (for that involves as its presupposition the valid existence thereof,) but between the family and its negation. It is, therefore, not an independent but a subordinate collision. The Family is a part of the content of self-conscious intelligence [see Analysis, in letter ii., p. 181, vol. i., *Jour. Spec. Phil.*—Ed.] and as such a part, it is drawn into the conflict posited between that intelligence and its content in the proposition: “Man cannot know Truth.” But since it is only a part of this content, the conflict is not exhausted by the destruction of the Family, any more than it was exhausted at the end of the subjective collision which resulted in the destruction of the rational avocation of Faust and delivered him over to the guidance of the Understanding and its finite aims—sensual indulgence. Hence, no solution is presented or as yet possible, and those who regard the destruction of the Family as the solution of the collision presented, and thus substitute one of the moments [factors] for the totality, ought not to wonder if they find in the end, that after all the poem has no further unity than what it derives from the art of the bookbinder, and that its solution is very inartistic and immoral. Nothing is more natural than such

a conclusion.\* As the result of the subjective collision we had the conclusion: that if man cannot know truth he can enjoy sensual pleasure. Taking this for the principle of our action, we entered the world of reality, and lo! it crumbles under

\* The only point to be remembered in this connection by you and me is this: that in all critical labors—this humble attempt not excepted—there may be observed to exist some slight analogy to the works of the taxidermist. Not merely because the operation in either case fills the external form of the given subject with such substance as he may have at hand, stubble, chaff, or bran, but especially because the object and purpose of their respective labors is nearly the same, namely, to assist the appreciation of the beautiful, in Art or Nature. And that as the one would not be permitted to present you with a specimen of a bird of Paradise with neck, wings, and tail

our feet. We clasp the beautiful, pure, and confiding girl, but as all rational end is ignored, our embrace is death. Not life, not perpetuity of the race, but *death*—blank nothingness; the conclusion reads: “If man cannot know truth, then he cannot exist?”

removed, simply, perhaps, because he found it inconvenient to fill them with his stubble, so you should refuse to accept as a fair specimen the result of the labors of the other if the subject treated bears traces of mutilation. But above all, as any serious attempt to make you believe that the headless and wingless specimen was complete as Nature produced it, would only excite your derision, still more should the dogmatic assertions of the critic, though ever so persistent, fail to mar your appreciation of a great work of art, but simply serve as “ear marks” by which you discern his own quality.

## GOETHE'S SOCIAL ROMANCES.

[Translated from the German of Carl Rosenkrantz, by TOM DAVIDSON.]

The character of Wilhelm Meister formed in Goethe's mind the reaction to Faust. Faust is the revolutionary spirit, breaking absolutely with the actual world, and withdrawing ever more and more into himself, in order to subject the world to himself from the rallying-point of his idea. From the beginning, he carries within him, in the infinitude of his spirit, the tragic certainty that no salvation can come to him from without; that he can find nothing outside of himself, capable of affording him any absolute satisfaction. With such persistence does he ever pass from conception to reality, that he will not even accept the ground and basis for his activity as already existing for him, but is resolved on creating them for himself. He will wrest the land from the sea, in order that it may be entirely the product of spirit, and upon this soil defiantly extorted from Nature by the power of will, he desires to stand with a free people.

Altogether different is Wilhelm Meister. His is a pliant nature, susceptible, and therefore also covetous of culture in all directions. Everything charms him, and everything satisfies him for the moment. He has no clear idea of himself at all, as

Faust has, and, therefore, does not act, but tries to assimilate every element with which he comes in contact. This infusion of new circumstances, new accomplishments, new insights, this self-culture is his action. Every new love, whose passion seizes him, seems to him the most real of all. Every new circle of men into which he enters, appears to him the society best adapted for him. Thus he passes from error to the detection of it, and thence, enriched by his new experience, to fresh error. By giving himself up, however, to everything external, he gains by appropriating it, more and more of harmony and power.

In Werther, at all events, there is a social Faust of the romance style, on the shoulders of the figure of Wilhelm. Werther, with his enthusiastic love of Nature, and of purity and strength of feeling, was crushed to death by the contradiction in which his heart stood to a cold, culture-fevered, unnatural society, and the contradiction between his passion and the sacredness of the law. He had not reached the elasticity and pliability of Wilhelm; neither had he the Titanic force of Faust, which, in its lyric fire, consciously saw worlds after worlds sink into ashes, and